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TM

# DAREDEVIL®

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209

AUG

**KEEP  
AWAY!**





Stan Lee  
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

LAST NIGHT DAREDEVIL WAS ALMOST IMPALED ON A WALL OF SPIKES, SWAM OUT OF A POOL OF QUICKSAND, DANCED UP A ROW OF MACHETE BLADES, AND--NOT INCIDENTALLY--CONQUERED HIS GREATEST FEARS.

TONIGHT HE'S  
RECUOPERATING!

MY ACHING  
BACK! IF I WERE  
ANY STIFFER, I'D  
BE RESTING UP  
IN THE MORGUE.

WHAT'S THAT?  
SOMEONE  
RUNNING?

**KA BOOOOM**

**BLAST FROM THE PAST!**

From an idea by  
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IT'S JOHNNY SQUARE-JOHN! HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT HIM FOR YEARS. HAWK, LOOKS LIKE HIS FACE HAS BEEN REARRANGED A FEW TIMES. SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT SOONER OR LATER I'D CATCH HIM IN THE ACT. A PATSY IN A FIFTH-RATE OPERATION. STRANGE....

THE NEXT DAY...

LISTEN, DEBBIE, I'M TOO BUSY! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ATTEND ANOTHER PARTY.

GO WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO GO, FOGGY?

THAT WOULD BE JUST PEACHY FOR YOU... AND CHIEF ANCAH!

WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME NEED BE NO CONCERN OF YOURS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

POOR FOGGY. HE'S MY BEST FRIEND... SOMETIMES MY ONLY FRIEND...

TOO MUCH CLATTERING IN HERE--IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES...

CAN'T GET MY MIND OFF JOHNNY... OR HOW THAT STERLING WOMAN BORE ME SUCH AN EPIC GRUDGE...

\*RECENT AMOROUS INTEREST OF DEBBIE AND DEADLY ENEMY OF DAREDEVIL--BOB.

\*\*AS SEEN LAST ISSUE--BOB.

YOU'RE ALWAYS TOO TIRED TO DO ANYTHING. ALL YOU'RE EVER INTERESTED IN IS WATCHING TELEVISION!

WHAT'S IT TO YOU? I PAY THE BILLS!

BARELY!

MRS. STERLING PROGRAMMED AN ELABORATE SCHEME THAT BEGAN WITH HER DEATH. A ROBOT MIMICKING A FRIGHTENED CHILD, RIGGED TO EXPLODE, LURED ME--

--TO A PATCHWORK MANSION LACED WITH DEADLY TRAPS. WHAT A TALENT FOR REVENGE SHE HAD!

WITH A MOTHER LIKE HER, IT'S NO WONDER THE DEATH-STALKER TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH A BAD EGG.

STERLING THOUGHT ME RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH. I SUPPOSE SHE HAD TO BLAME SOMEONE.



FOGGY, YOU'RE THE DRABDEST, DULLEST, MOST BORING PERSON I KNOW!

I RESENT THAT!

I DON'T CARE!

DEBBIE! WAIT!

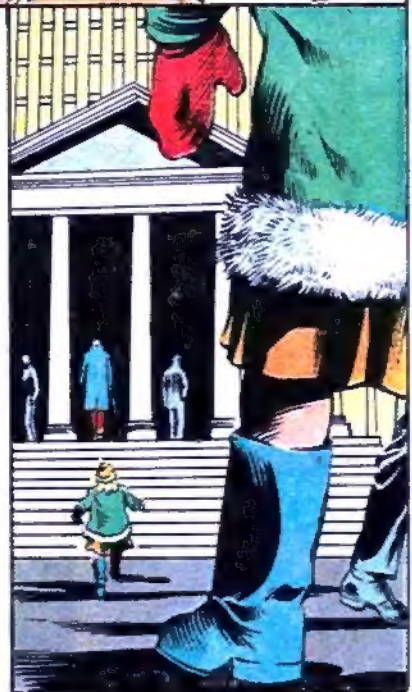
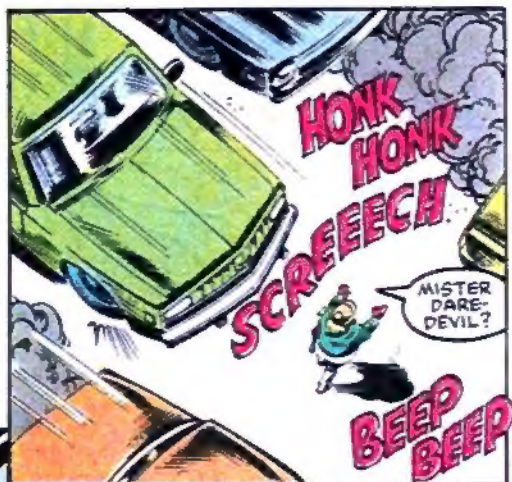
I LOVE YOU...!

TERRIFIC. MY PARTNER TAKES OFF--AND I GET STUCK WITH THE CHECK.

MOMMY... PLEASE HELP MY MOMMY...

CHECK  
TIME TO GET OUT OF THIS NOISY PLACE.







INSIDE THE COURTHOUSE...

BILL, MY CLIENT IS AWARE OF HIS DRINKING PROBLEM AND HAS PROMISED TO ADMIT HIMSELF TO A TREATMENT PROGRAM. I BELIEVE JUSTICE CAN BEST BE SERVED IF...



MURDOCK...

OOOPS! HOPE HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE MY VOICE!

JOHNNY SQUAREJOHN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



WHAT? HE PEGGED ME, NO PROBLEM!

ER...AH...HI, MATT, YOU A SHYSTER NOW? MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT...

JOHNNY QUICKLY EXPLAINS HIS PREDICAMENT...

...ALTHOUGH SOME OF THE FACTS BEND A BIT IN THE TELLING...

DAREDEVIL BLEW IT, MATT! MAYBE SOMEBODY DELIBERATELY STARTED THAT FIRE, BUT IT SURE WASN'T ME! I WAS TAKING A SHORT CUT TO A CARD GAME!



LISTEN TO HIM! I DON'T HAVE TO BE DAREDEVIL TO KNOW HE'S LYING THROUGH HIS TEETH!

I UNDERSTAND, JOHNNY, IT'S TOO BAD WE HAVE TO MEET AGAIN UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

BOTH ARE AWARE OF WHAT THE OTHER IS THINKING...

...OF THE DAYS WHEN THEY PLAYED TOGETHER AT THE GYM, WHILE THEIR FATHERS TRAINED FOR BOUTS IN THE RINGS.

AS THEY GREW OLDER, THEY SAW EACH OTHER INFREQUENTLY, AND SEEMED TO HAVE LESS IN COMMON, BUT THE FEELINGS OF DEEP FRIENDSHIP REMAINED...



UNTIL JOHNNY JOINED THE LOCAL GANG!

SO THEY CALL YOU DAREDEVIL, EH?



LOOKS MORE LIKE A TEACHER'S PET, DOESN'T HE, GUYS?

JOHNNY! HELP ME!



SORRY, MATT, IT DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. I'M... A SARDON NOW.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MATT HAD THE ACCIDENT THAT RESULTED IN HIS BLINDNESS.



JOHNNY DID NOT SEE HIM AGAIN UNTIL THAT FATEFUL NIGHT ON A DOWNTOWN STREET...



I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR YOU IN A WEEK. I JUST NEED A LITTLE TIME. DON'T WORRY!

WE AIN'T WORRIED, JOHNNY.



BUT YOU SHOULD BE!

WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET IS JUST A SAMPLING!



CRASH!  
CLACK!  
CLACK!

HEY! COOL IT TILL THE BLIND KID PASSES!

FREEZE, JOHNNY!



OOOPS! A THOUSAND PARDONS, SIR!

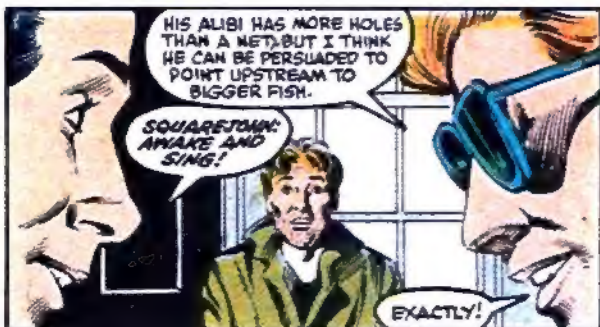
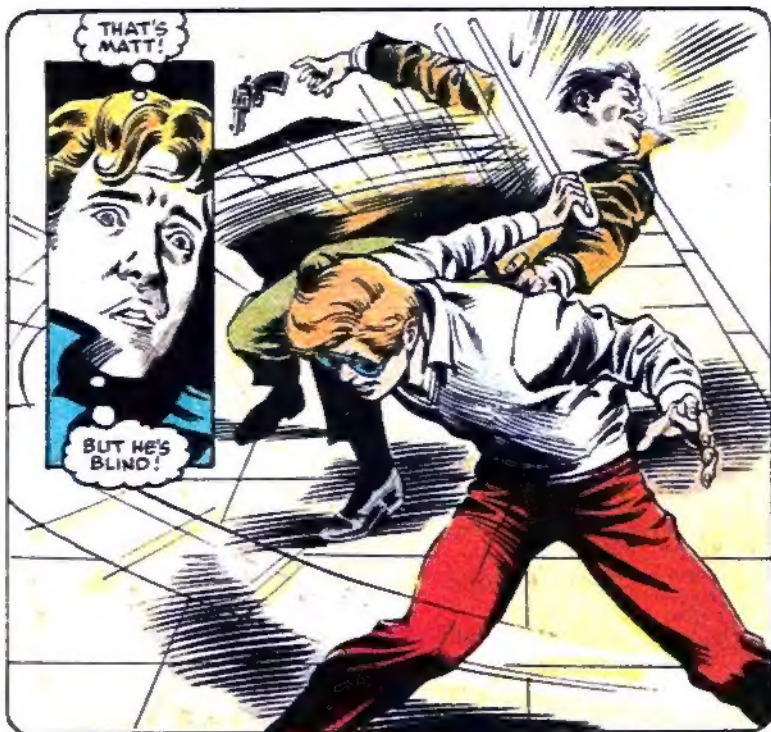


WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

BOOMPH!





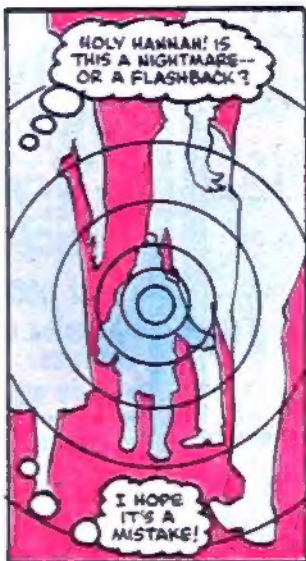






I WONDER JUST HOW MUCH JOHNNY DOES KNOW. HE WAS ALWAYS THE TYPE WHO KEPT HIS MOUTH CLOSED AND HIS EYES OPEN.

TOO MANY PEOPLE. AT LEAST THEY'RE SUBDUED TODAY.



HOLY HANNAH! IS THIS A NIGHTMARE-- OR A FLASHBACK?

I HOPE IT'S A MISTAKE!



"IT'S ONE OF MRS. STERLING'S EXPLODING ROBOT DRONES!"

MISTER DAREDEVIL? MY MOMMY'S IN TROUBLE! HELP HER-- PLEASE!



TERRIFIC! AT LEAST NO ONE SEEMS TO HAVE HEARD HER. GOT TO DRAW HER AWAY FROM THE CROWD...

INTO THIS EMPTY CORRIDOR. SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET RID OF HER UNSEEN HERE-- AS SOON AS I THINK OF SOMETHING!

THE DEATH-STALKER KNEW I WAS MATT MURDOCK. SHOULD HAVE REALIZED HE WAS THE SORT WHO TELLS HIS MOTHER EVERYTHING. HE MUST HAVE PROGRAMMED THE DRONES TO APPROACH ME IN EITHER IDENTITY.



PERCEIVING A SIGN ON AN ELEVATOR DOOR, MATT RUNS HIS SENSITIVE FINGERS ACROSS THE PRINT, READING ITS IMPRESSION ON THE PAPER.

AHA! THIS HAS DEFINITE POSSIBILITIES!



THE CAR'S ABOVE ME. GOOD!



MISTER DAREDEVIL! COME QUICK! HELP ME!

JUST A FEW MORE STEPS, LITTLE GIRL.

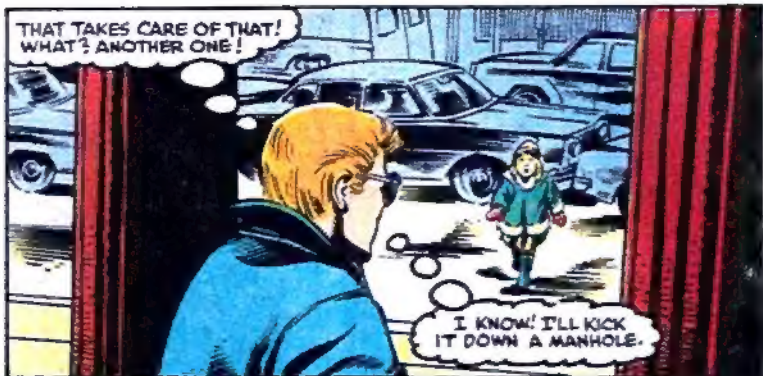


HEY, MISTER! I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW YOU PUSH A KID DOWN THAT SHAFT!

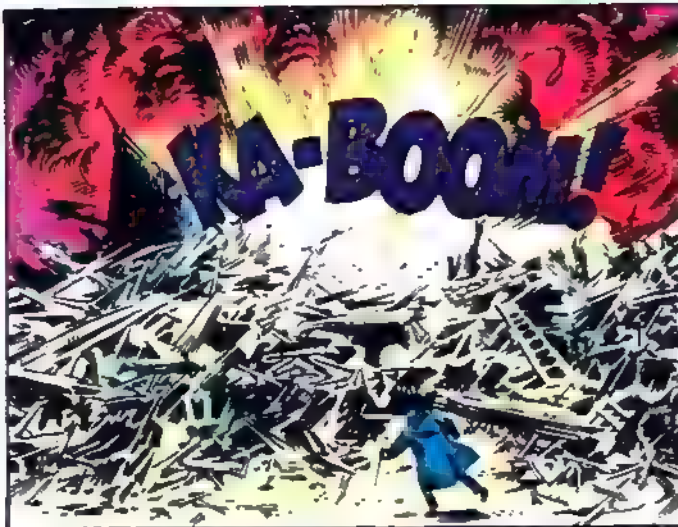
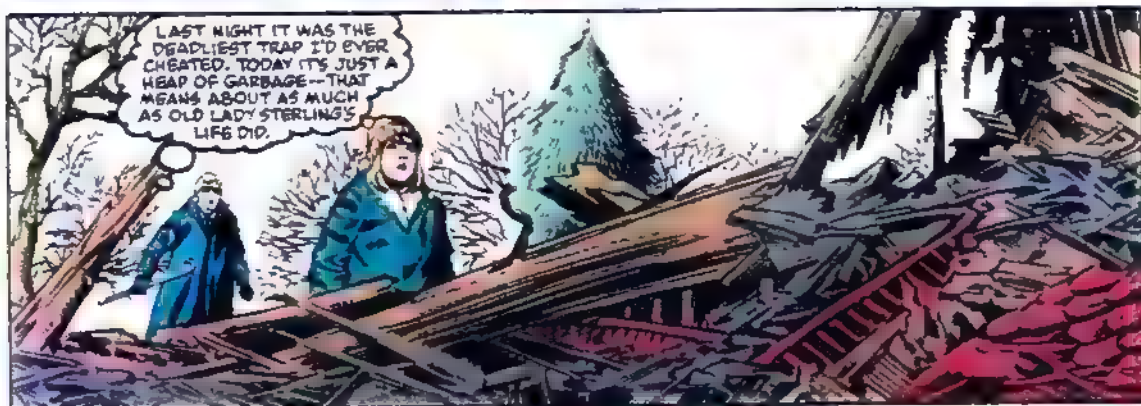
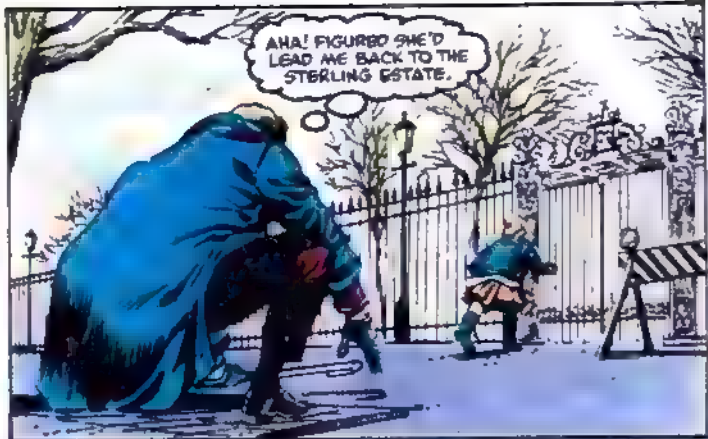
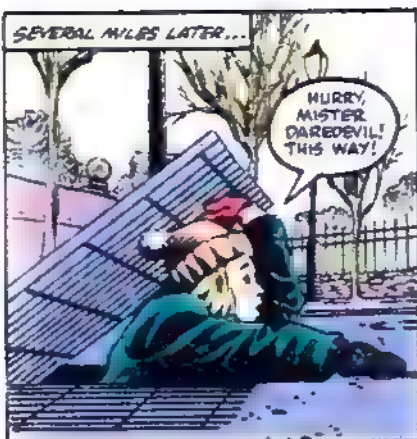


YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MA'AM. HOW COULD I HAVE DONE THAT? I'M BLIND!

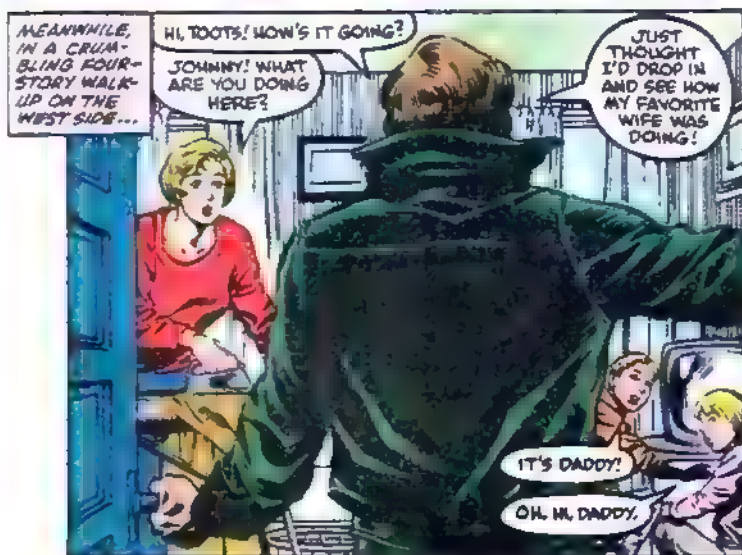
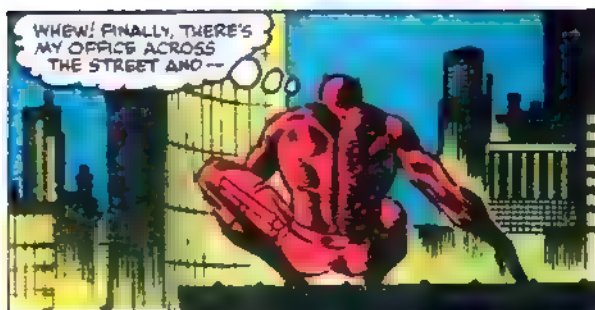




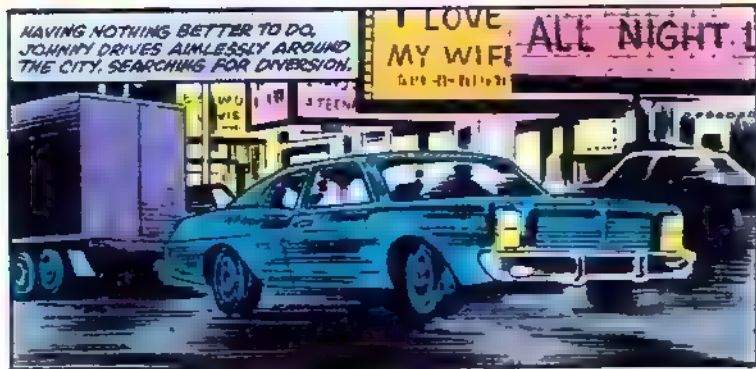
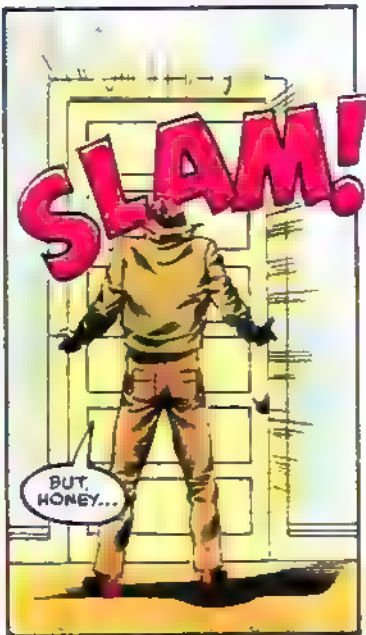




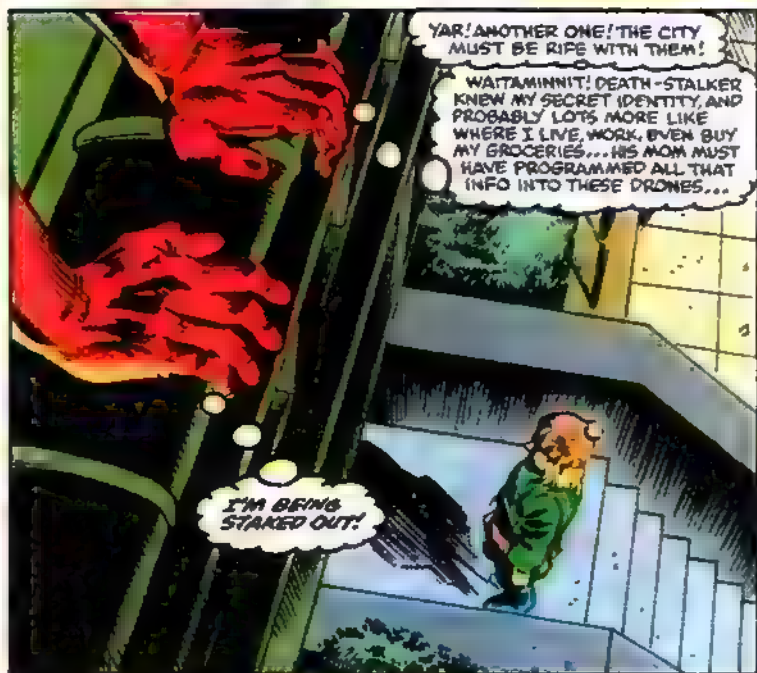
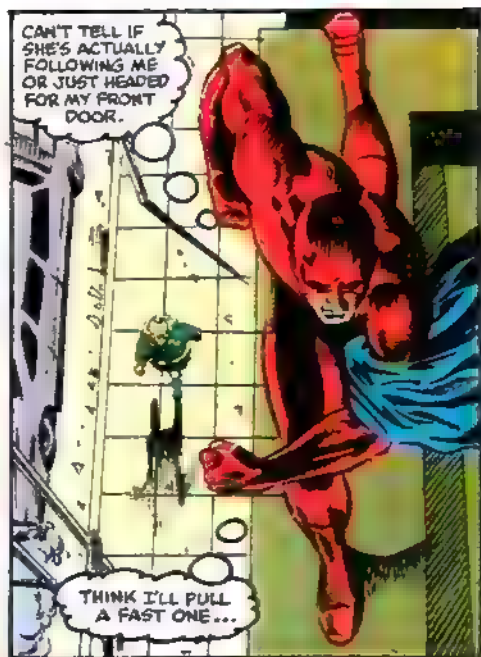
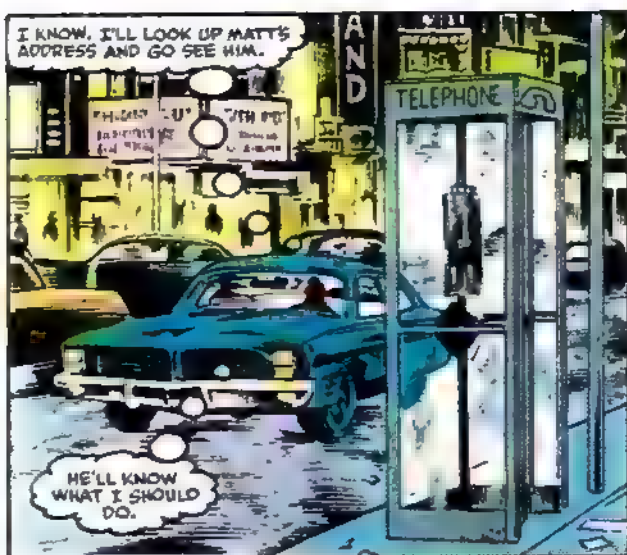




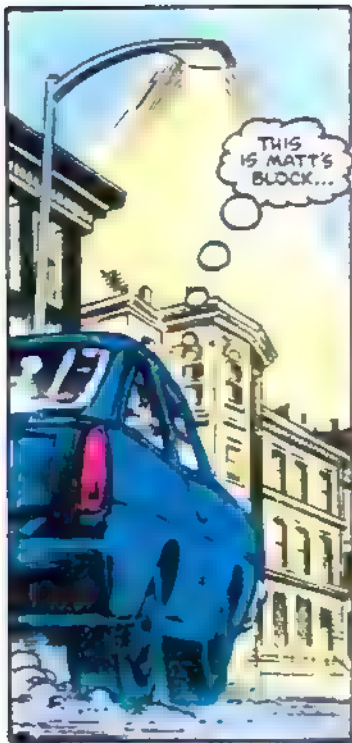














THERE'S AN ARMY OF 'EM. AND THEY'RE ALL WHINING ABOUT SOMETHING.

HELP ME, MISTER DAREDEVIL! MOMMY'S IN TROUBLE. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HER! PLEASE!

RIGHT WITH YOU, GIRLS. AT LEAST 'TIL I CAN GET RID OF ALL OF YOU.

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT CRAZY DAREDEVIL UP TO? MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.

MAYBE I CAN GET SOMETHING ON HIM... HE'S THE ONLY WITNESS AGAINST ME. WITHOUT HIM...

HAHAHA... HE COULD BE WORTH FOLLOWING--

"--OH NO! SHE'S NOT EVEN LOOKING!"

**BADDOOM!**

"WATCH OUT, GIRL!"



